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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME XLIX. CHICAGO, AUGUST 28, 1902. NUMBER 26

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UNITY

VOLUME XLIX. THURSDAY, AUGUST 28, 1902. NUMBER 26

UNITY has not always been complimentary to Mr. Schwab, the plunging President of the Steel Corporation, but even the devil is entitled to his dues, and Mr. and Mrs Schwab in investing one hundred thousand dollars in sixty-five acres of land on Staten Island to make an out-of-town play ground for city children, are doing a most commendable thing.

The papers have been busy of late commenting upon Carnegie's donation of the Lord Acton library to Mr. John Morley. UNITY would like to have its say. We recognize this as a timely recognition of the value of personality and the significance of the individual. We rejoice in the growth of the corporate conscience and the tendency to increase the commonwealth. But the most common of all wealths is that represented in a great mind, a loyal heart, a hand consecrated to the public good. The endowment of individuals, the exploiting of soul, the strengthening and extension of personality is an industry too much neglected by capitalists. Here is a chance for an investment too often overlooked by the millionaires. Let there be more investment in individuality.

The prolonged search of the University of Wisconsin for a new president, necessitated by repeated failures to secure the man they want, is a matter of far-reaching significance. There never were so many college graduates as at the present time, perhaps never so many young men and women who "graduate with honors." Again, there never were so many successful business men, men of high executive ability who are capable of becoming captains of trade, captains of industry, cattle kings, railroad mergers, etc., etc. But the difficulty of combining these two abilities lies at the bottom of this famine in the college president market. There is something deficient in the training which our times give when the scholar and the business man, the student and the executive, so seldom stand in the same pair of shoes.

The City and State, the able and valuable organ of non-partisan politics, in its issue of August 14 answers the criticism so often made against it and other anti-imperialistic papers for giving "too much attention to Philippine atrocities and too little to equally horrible negro lynchings in the United States." We condense its answer as serving for UNITY as well as for *The City and State.* The Philippine problem is misrepresented and misunderstood by a powerful press and a large public. The Southern lynching is understood both at home and abroad. The Philippine question is in a fluid state and may be largely affected by public enlightenment. It is an evil for which governmental authority is responsible, while the lynching evil grows out of deep social conditions and the remedy must largely come from home education. So runs the defense of our contemporary. But both evils require all the wisdom, courage and conscience that can be wielded against them.

The Australian Herald, a "Monthly Religious-Social Magazine," published in Melbourne and edited by Rev. Charles Strong, D. D., lies before us. It is a journal that for many years has stood essentially for the same snythetic message as UNITY. Under the leadership of Dr. Strong there is a steady movement toward "a free church of Australia," which movement is so interestingly set forth in a sermon at hand that we will print it entire in an early number of UNITY. The basis of union for this Australian church is thus stated:

1. The Australian Church is a free, progressive and unsectarian religious brotherhood, held together by a common religious spirit of trust, hope and love towards God and man and a common endeavor after Christian life and practice, untrammeled by a final dogmatic theological creed.

2. The following are the objects and aims of the Australian Church:

(a) The united worship of God in spirit and in truth.

(b) The preaching and teaching of the gospel of Divine love and humanity proclaimed by Jesus of Nazareth, interpreted in the light of growing knowledge and human needs and the fostering of religious life in the soul.

(c) The application of the principles of this gospel to individual and social life and the practice of justice and charity.

(d) The evolution of a universal spiritual brotherhood.

3. Each congregation of the Australian Church shall be self-governing.

UNITY extends its greeting to the brethren who belong to the great and growing commonwealth of Australia.

The enterprising John Page Hopps of England, the editor of *The Coming Day,* has somewhere come upon some startling denunciation of the average college boy, which he assigns to the Chief Justice of Kansas. We have a suspicion that some one has imposed upon out English editor, for the language is a little too hot and full of pepper for a Chief Justice, even "from an American standpoint." Our English neighbor recognizes the article though and says "this cub is discoverable in Cambridge, Oxford, Glasgow and Edinburgh." There is so much truth in the picture drawn, if not by a "Chief Justice," by some other, that we reproduce some of the lines and respectfully commend them to the young men who represent that college spirit that is interfered with by the presence of ladies in class room and on campus. Did space permit, we would like to print the entire arraignment for the benefit of the President and such Trustees of the University of Chicago as are anxious to eliminate the girl from the college class room in order to give more room for this collegiate rowdy and more scope for his academic (?) spirit:

Why do I say these hard things about him? I say it because he is self-important, noisy, conceited, ignorant of all practical wisdom, parts his hair in the middle, flaunts his fraternity badge and school colors in an offensive, challenging sort of way in everybody's face and prances up street yawning his ear-splitting college yell to the fright and disgust of all timid, sensitive folk within sound. I saw him at the Twentieth Kansas reception, a bigger man than Funston—bigger even than General Hughes—making more noise and taking

up more room than the whole procession, elbowing everybody out of the way and drowning the voices of the orators and the music of the bands with his idiotic "Rock Chalk, Jay Hawk; Rah! Rah! Rah! Washburn, rah! Baker, hurrah!" or whatever the infernal Siwash gibberish is.

Now, I am not objecting to what this creature learns at school. It's what he does not learn that I am talking about.

Nor have I any spite against the college student. I only think he takes up too much room and makes too much noise and costs too much money and is too smart in the budding days of his career. If he could only be induced to subside somewhat, to practice a little the modest habit of self-effacement, go out and soak his head, turn an X-ray upon his inwards and see himself as others see him, we could possibly endure him instead of filling up with wicked wishes for his assassination. But he won't.

The study of Ruskin is not today the easy thing it was assumed to be a few years ago. To have read the "King of the Golden River," to be able to glibly quote some apt things from the "Ethics of the Dust," or even to have "studied" the "Seven Lamps of Architecture" or the "Stones of Venice," is no introduction to the John Ruskin that has influenced mightily the thoughts of the noble. To touch the pulse of that great heart, to come under the influence of this great sociological prophet of the nineteenth century, one must at least know first-hand his thoughts on trade, education, dress, wealth and religion; this comes only by a serious study of such writings as "Unto This Last," "Munera Pulveris," "Time and Tide," and more revealing than all of them, "Fors Clavigera," in which he not only opened his heart through eight years of study and suffering, but into which he carried his "glass pocketbook," showing how he tried to practice his sublime creed of helpfulness and responsibility. To study Ruskin in this fashion is not only serious business to the head, but it is a devout exercise of soul, and the fact that so many people are groping toward this deeper study of this Ruskin is one of the hopeful signs of the times. Everywhere there are those who are asking for helps and groping for light. In view of this fact the appended private correspondence may be of interest.

A REQUEST.

Editor of Unity:

I understand that you have a very flourishing Ruskin Club connected with your Church, and I would like to ask you if it would be possible for you to send me a circular or some of your printed matter, explaining your method of study. I am on the executive committee of the women's club here and we are about to plan a course of study for the coming year. We wish to take up our work in October. I have always had a desire to know something about Ruskin's works and hardly know how we could take up the work intelligently without a little light on the subject.

* * * * * * *

Hoping to receive something in the line of a circular or catalogue, I am very respectfully yours, —— ——.

THE REPLY.

Dear Madam:

We are working Ruskin this very week at the Tower Hill Summer School. I had a class in him last winter, but it is a hard matter to make a program in Ruskin. My only caution is, do not try everything; begin somewhere and keep at some one thing long enough to understand it. We spent all last winter, as we did the Ruskin assignment last summer at Tower Hill, on the first twenty-four numbers of *Fors Clavigera*. These letters are obtainable in cheap, though shabby, form for 30 cents. Ruskin is suffering for want of an available cheap edition with index. My own method is to introduce the work with a lecture on Ruskin, then stick to some given program. Please remember that Ruskin is not a man to play with. The touch-and-go method, too much in vogue in women's clubs, will bring but little result. It is easy to dispose of Ruskin with superficiality and conceit, but Ruskin should be approached as one approaches the Communion table—seriously, humbly, with a desire for nobility and a hunger for usefulness.

I must not say any more; I cannot say less. There are but few circles yet ready to listen to Ruskin in the spirit that will understand him, much less profit by him. It is much easier to evade than to appreciate Ruskin.

Respectfully yours, *Jenkin Lloyd Jones.*

Segregation in the University of Chicago Again.

President Harper's plan of separating the boys and girls of University of Chicago during the junior year into separate class rooms and quadrangles, but allowing them to come together again in the senior years on the basis of co-education, promises to be one of those novelties which strike their twelve at the beginning and then run down. The longer they stay in the public mind and are turned over by public discussion, the more does the novelty appear and that less solidly, practicality and utility remain. After apparently capturing all the outer works the plan has received a backset at the central citadel—the Board of Trustees—with whom the power lies. At their meeting last week the Board hesitated, declined to face the issue, and postponed it to their October meeting. If reports are to be relied upon, it would seem that the cool business sense of the Trustees is asserting itself. They hesitate to take so important and radical a step in the face of the momentum and great success already achived on present basis, notwithstanding their desire to please the President, and the obvious hypnotic power which he exerts with peculiar effectiveness over the minds of business men and capitalists generally.

The discussion has brought out not only the novelty and crudity of the plan, but it has revealed the mighty undercurrent—the progressive spirit that must needs reckon with women as equals in all the departments of life.

The situation seems to be happily summed up in a quotation published in the *Chicago American* from Mrs. W. H. Wilmarth, a member of the Association of Collegiate Alumni, which runs as follows:

> Dr. Harper's opposition to co-education is a temperamental one. He sees the world divided by the line of sex and he wishes to carry out the idea in his school. But the class room is the last place to make the division. Separate the sexes anywhere else, but when it comes to acquiring the accumulated knowledge of the ages allow them to be together.
>
> While it is true that a majority of the faculty has gone on record as favoring segregation, the fact must not be lost sight of that the educational experts, the teachers of pedagogy and school history, are all on the side of co-education.

The following summary of arguments against segregation has been promulgated by this association; the signatures given below represent graduates of the University of Chicago itself.

Believing that the agitation is one of profound importance and that this innovation would result in great confusion to the University, as well as prove a serious backset to popular education in the higher departments, we make room for the summary entire:

1. Separation of sexes instead of relieving any of the supposed difficulties of co-education would really aggravate them. It does not affect the problem where it is serious, namely: on the social side, but it does withdraw its essential safeguard, intellectual association in the class room.

2. It would be very expensive to administer, requiring a duplication or triplication of work. Even if large funds are available, they might better be put into an expansion of work already started.

3. The development of the professional schools, men's gymnasium, club house, etc., will attract relatively larger numbers of men than of women, and will serve to obviate any danger of feminizing the institution. In any case, if there is danger of too many women it would be better be got at directly, by limiting the number or per cent, instead of indirectly.

4. It is a violation of good faith with the public, who have understood this to be a distinctly co-educational institution and not one of the annex type. The situation is now very different from what it was originally. At the outset it was open to the University to adopt whatever policy it saw fit, but

having adopted a fundamental policy, it is a pledge to the public which should not be withdrawn without more serious reasons than have as yet been presented.

5. It can only harm the university both within and without to raise the sex issue, quite apart from the merits of the question. The public is exceedingly sensitive on this point, as it is, for example, on the labor issue; and it can only antagonize and alienate people for the university needlessly to precipitate discussion of the sex question and discussion concerning the attitude of the university towards the rights of women.

6. There are very great difficulties of administration.

7. It will be impossible for women to get the same grade of instruction when separated.

8. The arguments for it are vague and mutually contradictory, and there is no clear understanding of what is intended or expected. Originally it was proffered as a means of extending the elective system, in the way of permitting many women to choose the sort of section in which they prefer to recite. At present this elective feature has been withdrawn and the measure will, apparently, be coercive in character. The question of its limits is also indefinite. Certainly whatever arguments hold for this separation would hold also with renewed force in the senior colleges. The renewed force is on two accounts: The separation for two years will make it much less natural for the sexes to be together than coming right after the high school period, where nineteen-twentieths of them have recited together; the senior college work is more specialized work, and if there is to be any differentiation of instruction it would be more appropriate here than during the earlier disciplinary and general culture period.

9. It will be interpreted everywhere, whether so intended or not, as a blow against co-education, and as an evidence of its partial failure where it had been tried under favorable auspices. Only the most serious reasons could justify the University in doing anything which could be interpreted as a blow at the higher education of women.

10. It is an unjustified reflection upon the conduct of the young men and women in the colleges. This action will be taken by the public as an evidence that their conduct has been either so silly or so immoral as to require this drastic remedy. No facts exist to justify any such imputation, and yet this inference will inevitably be drawn.

We, the undersigned, have thought it advisable to present the case to the University of Chicago alumni and to the public because they have shown a desire and because they have a right to know the situation. Numerous protests against separation, or at least against action without further consideration, have been sent in by students, by graduates, by men and women interested in the university, and by the executive committee of the Chicago Branch of Collegiate Alumnæ. Petitions of protest have been signed by hundreds of Chicago men and women. A postal vote of the U. of C. alumnæ resulted in 191 answers, 19 favoring segregation and 172 opposing. Fifty-seven members of the faculty, including six heads of departments, are actively opposing separation.

Whatever decision may have been or may be made, reconsideration is always possible, and an expression of public opinion given through the press, or personally to the various university authorities is greatly to be desired.

Angeline Loesch, U. of C., '98,
46 Lincoln place, Chicago.
Rec. Sec. 1902-3 Chicago Branch Association of Collegiate Alumnæ.
Theresa Hirschl, 1900,
6054 Kimbark avenue, Chicago.
Sec. Chicago Alumnæ Association of U. of C.

Take It As It Comes.

When the weather is wet,
We must not fret;
When the weather is dry,
We must not cry;
When the weather is cold,
We must not scold;
When the weather is warm,
We must not storm;
But be thankful together
Whatever the weather.

Keep your word-men pure and true
For they may live long after you.
Them and their work on the other shore
We'll greet as we left them long before.
Ask the great Sentinel, he'll hear your call,
To watch over heart-gate, word-men and all.

—*S. S. Times.*

Summer; A Nature Study.

An Address by the Rev. Rett E. Olmstead, Delivered at Tower Hill, Sunday, July 27, 1902.

"Overhead the leaf-song, on the upland slope,
Over that the azure, clean from base to cope;
Belle, the mare, beside me, drowsy from her lope.

"Goldy-green the wheat-field, like a fluted wall
In the pleasant wind, with waves that rise and fall,
Moving all together, if it move at all.

"Shakespeare in my pocket, lest I feel alone,
Lest the brooding landscape take a sombre tone,
Good to have a poet to fall back upon!

"But the vivid beauty makes the book absurd;
What beside the real world, is the written word?
Keep the page till winter, when no thrush is heard!

"Why read Hamlet? What's Hecuba to me?
Let me read the grain-field, let me read the tree,
Let me read mine own heart, deep as I can see."

These words of Edward R. Sill introduce our thoughts.

In the book of Nature there are no finely spun theories. Turning her pages we are face to face with facts. Cold contracts; heat expands; fire burns; water freezes; sin destroys; love fulfills. Nature is a stern teacher and however sincere man may be, she never forgives foolish thoughts, never pardons false ones. The little child that picks up the rattlesnake as a "nice kitty" receives the fangs of poison. The burn is no less painful because of our ignorance of the iron, which we pick up by the anvil, being hot. The poison of the ivy is no less severe because "we didn't know it was ivy." Nature makes no mistakes. Given the same or similar conditions, and we have the same or similar results. She has no favorites. Saint and sinner are alike to her. She rains alike on the just and on the unjust. She hurls into fragments with cyclonic force alike the brothel and the church. She spares no more readily the Christian in the attitude of prayer than the vilest creature with oath upon the lip. Nature is no respecter of persons. Nature's operations—her laws—are God's immutable agents, and as they are invariable we are asked to conduct ourselves in conformity to them. We must look true out of the eyes to have the real companionship of Nature. Our silly pretentions may possibly operate elsewhere, but in the presence of these old comrades, Nature and her laws, we must be true.

If we would know Nature and learn her secrets we do well to heed these words of Longfellow:

"Till his soul was full of longing,
And he cried with impulse strong—
'Helmsman! for the love of heaven,
Teach me, too, that wondrous song!'

'Wouldst thou,' so the helmsman answered,
'Learn the secret of the sea?
Only those who brave its dangers
Comprehend its mystery.'"

Thus it is, only those who are willing to listen to the silent voices of Nature and to summer sounds can hope to get her wondrous song. We find not Nature, and know not her voices, and see not her beauty, while yet we sit in her lap. We are constantly looking for the mysterious and the miraculous, when instead Nature is quite natural.

It will be true that when Nature and life have done their uttermost to reveal God, the Divine One will still be shrouded in silence and mystery, but by this study of Nature we shall have a larger conception of God. The study of Nature helps us to put away the idea that God spoke to man centuries ago and then withdrew. It helps us to discard the idea that revelation ceased eighteen centuries ago, and instead we be-

hold ever new revelations flooding in upon our thought.

Today we behold God not in parenthesis, brackets, or footnotes; neither alone upon the printed page of a book, for "the glory of the flower is the glory of God," and when we converse with and commune through the flower then it is we shall have a deeper sense and a firmer faith in the ever-presence of God. Unlike Deacon Seth, who rides to church in a closed carriage lest he sinfully behold the beauties of Nature, today we ask of man that he become a student of Nature and thus be able to say with Coleridge, who with eyes dimmed with tears, standing fronting the Alps, cried: "Now I know God's latest thoughts of beauty."

In these days, in the season when life is at its zenith, God paints the picture so grandly upon the pages of Nature's book that we are enticed and bid to come out of doors where Nature summers. Summer puts the cluster on the vines, and turns sunbeams into scarlet berries. Summer bathes the hillsides with gentle showers that puts fragrance in the wild roses. Summer puts the tassel upon the corn, and the beard upon the wheat; puts the red upon the cherry, and locks the peas in the pod. Summer paints a picture that to interpret calls for earnest study.

Summer is the season when one feels the pulsing throb of Nature. Formerly people thought that a piece of cross, or a few drops of water from the Jordan would expel disease. Superstition, witchcraft and sorcery once played readily upon the mind of man, but today we ask for better things. We find that there is as much saving grace in the dewdrop that tips the grass blade as there is in Jordan water. When men the world over realize more fully that the round world and all therein contained is divine, then shall we have reached the higher conception of things.

It is pleasant to read a good book in Nature study, but to go along the seashore and pick up the pebbles were better. People in this hurrying world of ours have little communion with Nature, and know all too little of her simple ways. We hie away to the haunts of garrish and artificial amusements and in comparison with what Nature—open, free, simple Nature—has to offer, these artificial fancies do but profane the sanctity of Nature. To stand amid the trees and feel that one is in the presence of companions to whom he can listen and with whom he can converse; to behold the flowers in the fields and be able to call them by name; to lift the pebble and with the scientist trace its path down through the ages; to pick up the acorn and feel the mighty pulsations that throb and are hidden away in a single burr—and man is profoundly impressed with his insignificance, and with the poet he cries:

"By land and sea I traveled wide;
My thoughts the earth could span;
And wearily I turned and cried,
'O little world of man!'

"I wandered by a green wood's side,
The distance of a rod;
My eyes were opened, and I cried,
'O mighty world of God.'"

Summer is vocal with familiar sounds and yet we hear them not. Our trees about the door are musical with bird-notes and yet many of them are unfamiliar, if we hear them at all. If on a morning when summer's new life is flushing the veins of the earth, we stroll into the fields and give ourselves up to what lies about us, Nature has much to tell us. The voice of thunder peels away in the distance, and the muffled roar of the cataract mocks the voice that bids us be still. In the quiet of a shadow-haunted pool there are memories that cluster around a thousand nameless weeds, each with a grace all its own. Who shall sit with the quiet trees and tell the songs they sing, from the deep-toned mountain pine to the evening hush of the rosebush? Who shall tell of the hills where the sublime thought of eternity broods, and where at the shrines earth offers its sacrifice to find in the silence and solitude eternity visibly and sublimely symbolized? In the sultry woods lies a restless hush and we see not the beauties hidden nor do we hear the sounds.

Beholding the meadows we see a "river brimming silver" winding on through the fields, with here and there a trailing alder dipping in. The crinkled grain bends tenderly with heavy heads, and the corn rows lift their golden ears to catch the meadow's whisperings. "With chattering voice the cedar speaks, crouched gray on the barren hill," and the patient woods pays tribute to the toiling aeons and publish on burnished leaves of gold Nature's bountiful lessons.

Go with me this summer morning and let us "list to Nature's teaching." Possibly this little touch of summer may awaken within us a deeper love for Nature and a firmer faith in the eternal heart of Love. The scene is away in the Adirondack Mountains. It is summer and the dense forests are companionable to him who loves them. Tucked away in a cosy nook is Whitney Pond, and here it is we are reading Nature's open page direct from the printing press of God. The tall spruce and hemlocks stand hoary with age, the sentinels of the forest. Beneath these stalwart guards we camp, and the sad sombre gloom of night settles down upon us as though it dripped from the boughs. Alone in the weird forest, away from the hum of industry—here it is one is literally where

"There's a language never spoken,
There's a song that's never sung,
There's a stillness never broken
By the sound of mortal tongue.

"There are waves upon thought's ocean
That shall never touch life's beach;
There's an innermost emotion
That is stranger to our speech."

Times were when men dreaded the deep mountain valleys and the lonely mountain summit, but a larger knowledge of Nature and a deeper love born of a fuller investigation than formerly, has changed the opinions of man. Today men flee into the fastnesses of the mountain and in the solitude and majesty they find there breaks in upon them a new sense of the Infinite. In the hush of evening when "the leafy tongues of the forest, and the flower lips of the sod" are all bowed in the folded hush of prayer; when the moonbeams lie soft and low upon the pond, and the water lilies nod and slumber; when happy birds hymn the good-night song and fly away to drowsy evergreens to tuck a tired little head beneath a folded wing; when the shadows creep up the sloping hills and fall asleep; when the western horizon, flushed in crimson, fades away into pale blue, the sunset is still mirrored in a thousand memories. Across the long, lone marshes comes the call of the whip-poor-will; down in the pond the bull-frogs are happy in song; from the neighboring hillside the hoot of the owl informs us that he is on duty, and these familiar sounds of woods and ponds thrust us back in memory to the golden days of childhood. Amid these scenes, and lying upon the evergreen boughs, the moon pouring into the open camp, with none to stand guard but the stately pine tree, I am in the heart of the forest, and with the poet I can but sing:

"I love the woods.
Oh, give me but that crag of rock
On which to build my simple cot,
And I'll not ask for palaces,
Nor murmur at my lonely lot.

"I do not need the silken garb,
The cushioned couch, or seasoned food;
I do not need the tongue of men
To voice the word that 'Life is good.'

"I do not need the amber scent,
The honeyed smile and tutored song,
Or crowd of glittering sycophants
That in the hall of Croesus throng.
I love the woods."

With this evening whisper from the leafy solitude we slumber in peaceful sleep. Awakening with the first glimmer of day we break camp and wend our way down through the forest to the pond. The little rill lying along the mountain side sang its night-song to us and now invites us to a cold morning draught farther up the mountain where it gurgles in the spring. But Nature does not like to be disturbed, and as we wish to find her at her best, we tiptoe along the beaten path in the chilly damp, mindful lest we break a twig and startle a fawn or flush a brood of partridges. The path leads on and winds about the hills and the moss-covered patches make it possible to pass along in quiet. No bush is molested, no bird disturbed.

Following this winding path a new view is ever beholding. New revelations continually break in upon one, but kind old Nature is fast asleep, the crooked path leading on, with none to converse save the great eternal heart of Love, who speaks so grandly to those who listen. Alone in the forest with the day stealing in upon one and the first faint note of bird song is heard. At last we reach the pond; the cold air has woven for it a beautiful spread of white, with the edges all tucked in under the overhanging trees. Hushed and quiet she sleeps the sleep of the just, and no intruder shall disturb her. Altogether the scene is a beautiful one. We sit quietly down upon the shore and await the first rustle of leaf. Casting toward the eastern hills and a faint glow of red is noticeable; as the sky lightens there is evidence of a new day pulsing and struggling for birth in the womb of the eastern horizon. The summer winds that bring music over land and sea are astir and the willows at the water's edge are quivering in golden light. The great white water lilies lift their heads at the first peep of sun, as the eastern messenger of light stealthily disrobes the peaceful pond in its morning slumber. Hidden away in the mountains this little depression is but a dimple upon the face of kind old Nature. The stars are one by one yielding to the flood of light and soon God's immutable agents lock them all in the bosom of law, which bids them not cease to be, only cease to shine in the effulgence of the sun's rays. The broken beams of the moon steal quietly away and hide themselves amid the tamracks and the spruce, while from the hidden haunts of sedge the startled heron wings his flight. Here it is, in the solitude of the woods, one must see God face to face or he is companionless and alone.

Sitting on the shore when the moon is waning, and the shadows of the shore-lined trees grow longer and still longer and finally stretch away across the pond and lose themselves in the forest, the heavens are mirrored in the lake and in the reflection the patches of white scud across the expanse of blue; when the rosy morning climbs up over the distant line of hills and salutes the new day, then it is the mist and the fog and the damp and the dark retreat, and surrounded with this magnificence of Nature man is utterly lost in his insignificance, while he is overwhelmed in the marvelous wisdom that operates worlds with such beautiful laws.

Sitting alone with no voice to listen to but the voices of the wild wood, and that still small voice, and lo, a dull thud in the water. In this weird place and alone, one is startled, but the ringlets on the water do but indicate the point where the muskrat has taken his morning plunge bath. Our fright is owing to our unfamiliarity with Nature. Across the pond, but a few rods away, a deer is feeding. How she came or when or where, so sly and quiet, no one knows. She crops the lilies and quenches her thirst and she is gone; gone as quietly as she came, away into the heart of the forest to steal into the tall grass of the swail, or to hide away and lie upon the carpet woven by the balsams, there to struggle with naught to cleanse but the fir-scented breezes and the pure, warm sunshine. Behold, where one lay down, on the morrow three come forth! What another world as the proud old doe leads her beautiful spotted fawns to the water's edge, there to teach them the art of swimming. With this nature picture we are reminded of the lines of Margaret E. Sangster:

"Just safety and peace in the heart of the woods,
Far from the city's dust and din,
Where passion nor hate of man intrudes,
Nor fashion nor folly has entered in.
Deeper than hunter's trail hath gone
Glimmers the tarn where the wild deer drink;
And fearless and free comes the gentle fawn,
To peep at herself over the grassy brink."

Beholding this touch of nature as real life, and even the best books are stale. How noble and uplifting to linger in the heart of the woods and converse with Nature! Surely what a thin pressed flower is to a bunch of dewey violets, a book is to an evening and a morning in the heart of the woods. At first Nature is dumb to us, but when we have walked with her and talked with her, when we have tried to read her secrets, we marvel at her beauty.

When summer comes the bloom is on the alder, and the flush of gold is becoming in the grain fields. The passing breezes whisper in the meadows and hover over the tangled wood. The treetops cradle the birdlings and all life is happy and free. Thus summer is the season that bids us put away the musty book and read God's revelations at first hand, written anew in all nature. Summer carries me back to the old home haunts and

"There's a sound that rings in my ears today,
That echoes in vague refrain,
The ripple of water o'er smooth-washed clay,
Where the wall-eyed pike and the black bass play,
That makes me yearn in a quiet way
For my old fly-rod again.

"Back to the old home haunts again,
Back where the clear lake lies;
Back through the woods
Where the blackbird broods,
Back to my rod and flies."

Alexander the Great.

Young Alexander on a day,
While sacrifice on altar lay,
Cast frankencense and myrrh with joy,
With lavish pride of generous boy:
Leonidas to this gave pause,
By teaching economic laws,
And bade him stay his kindly hand—
Until great means he could command!

Upon a day it came to pass,
When he by war did spoils amass,
He sent his tutor from the store,
Sweet frankencense and myrrh galore,
And wrote: "We this abundance send—
Your old economy to end,
Be generous to the gods, and now
The instinct of your heart allow!"

—*William Brunton.*

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

The Old Testament Bible Stories Told for the Young

—by—

W. L. SHELDON,
Lecturer of the Ethical Society of St. Louis.

XLIX.

Solomon Becomes King. The Death of David.

David had become an old man and was about to die. He had decided that he would make his son Solomon to be his successor as king over Israel. They brought the mother of Solomon to the aged king and he said to her: "Verily as I promised unto thee, saying, 'Assuredly Solomon thy son shall reign after me and sit upon my throne in my stead:' verily so will I do this day." Then Solomon's mother bowed with her face to the earth; and king David said further: "Call me Zadok the priest and Nathan the prophet." And the king said unto them: "Take with you servants and cause Solomon my son to ride upon mine own mule, and bring him down to Gihon and let Zadok the priest and Nathan the prophet anoint him then king over Israel; and blow ye with the trumpets and say, 'The Lord save King Solomon'; then he shall come and sit upon my throne, for he shall be king in my stead. I have appointed him to be prince over Israel."

So Zadok the priest and Nathan the prophet went down and caused Solomon to ride upon king David's mule, and brought him to Gihon; and Zadok the priest took the horn of oil and anointed Solomon; and they blew the trumpet and all the people said, "The Lord save King Solomon," and all the people came up after him and the people piped with pipes and rejoiced with great joy, and so that the earth rent with the sound of them.

Now the days of David drew nigh that he should die and he called his son Solomon to his bedside for his last words. And he said to Solomon: *"I go the way of all the earth, be thou strong, therefore, and show thyself a man;* and keep the charge of the Lord to walk in his ways, to keep his statutes and commandments, according to that which is written in the law of Moses." And David slept with his fathers and was buried in the city of David, which was Jerusalem.

You will care to hear about the reign of Solomon because it was one of the most famous reigns in the world's history. A good deal of the time when David was king, he had been obliged to go out and carry on war with the enemies of the Israelites. But now for the most part there was peace; hence Solomon was able to devote his time to improving the conditions among the people. He wanted to have the Israelites prosperous as well as happy, and according to all accounts there was much prosperity among the Israelites a great deal of the time of the reign of Solomon. I am not sure that all this good fortune was the best thing in the world for the Israelites, because when people are too successful and have too much money and grow very rich, they sometimes forget other things and do not remember that money or riches are not the only good things in the world. But be this as it may, there was great prosperity among the Israelites at this time. You will hear again and again when you grow up about the wonderful reign of Solomon.

What do you suppose was the first thing that Solomon was anxious to do? "Why," you say, "it would be to build that temple to the Lord over All." Of course, you remember it had been promised to David that after his death, his son, who should sit on the throne, might be allowed to build that temple.

Now it seems that not far away from the kingdom of Israel there was another king by the name of Hiram, who ruled over Tyre. And as we are told, Hiram the king of Tyre sent his servants unto Solomon; for he had heard that they had anointed him king in the room of his father, and Hiram was ever a lover of David. And Solomon sent to Hiram, saying: "Thou knowest how that David my father could not build a house to the Lord, but now the Lord hath given me rest on every side, and behold I purpose to build a temple for the Lord. Now therefore command thou that they hew me cedar trees out of Lebanon, and my servants shall be with thy servants; and I will give thee hire for thy servants according to all that thou shalt say; for thou knowest that there is not among us any that have skill to hew timber like unto thy people."

And Hiram sent to Solomon, saying: "I have heard the message that thou hast sent unto me: I will do all thy desire concerning the timber of cedar and concerning the timber of fir; my servants shall bring them down to Lebanon by the sea, and I will make them into rafts to go by sea unto the place that thou shalt appoint me." And so Hiram gave Solomon timber of cedar and timber of fir according to all his desire.

And Solomon commanded that they hew out great stones, costly stones to lay the foundations of the house with wrought stone. And the house when it was building was built of stone made ready at the quarry, and there was neither hammer nor ax, nor any tool of iron heard in the house while it was building. And thus he built the house and finished it; and he covered the house with beams and planks of cedar.

And Solomon overlaid the house within with pure gold, and the whole house he overlaid with gold until all the house was finished, also the whole altar he overlaid with gold. And he carved all the walls of the house round about with carved figures and palm trees and open flowers within and without. And the floor of the house he overlaid with gold, within and without. Solomon was thirteen years building this wonderful temple.

After the temple was finished and all was ready, then Solomon called the people together from all over Canaan, to come and behold it. The people had a great ceremony of "Dedication," as we should call it. You can be sure that they were immensely pleased with the beautiful temple; but there was one thing which we are assured was said by Solomon at this time and which I should like to have you remember. He knew that the people would feel that the Lord over All lived just in this temple and nowhere else He wanted to warm them against such a belief; and the people therefore heard Solomon say: "Will the Lord in very deed dwell on the earth? Behold the heaven and the heaven of heavens cannot contain thee! How much less this house that I have builded?"

And Solomon spoke to the Great Ruler saying: "Blessed be the Lord that hath given rest unto his people Israel according to all that he promised. There has not failed one word of all his good promise which he promised by the hand of Moses. The Lord be with us as he was with our fathers. Let him not leave us or forsake us, that he may incline our hearts unto him to walk in all his ways and to keep his commandments which he commanded our fathers."

You can have little idea of the great wealth, as we are told, that was possessed by Solomon. He had so much gold that he did not care for mere silver, which we should also value very much nowadays. He set about to build himself a great palace, and this too was built of costly stones, and cedar wood, and overlaid with gold. Moreover the king made a great throne of ivory and overlaid it with the finest gold. There were six steps to the throne, and the images of twelve lions stood on the one side and upon the other upon the six steps. There was not the like made in any kingdom. And all of king Solomon's drinking ves-

sels were of gold. None were of silver. And so king Solomon exceeded all the kings of the earth in riches and in wisdom, and all the earth sought the presence of Solomon, and they brought every man his present, vessels of silver and vessels of gold, and raiment and armor and spices, horses, and mules. And Solomon gathered together chariots and horsemen and he had a thousand and four hundred chariots and twelve thousand horsemen.

To THE TEACHER: Dwell upon the death bed of David and his charge to Solomon. Admit frankly that the old man had been anything but a perfect character, and that he had failed sadly in being true to the charge he now gave his son. One might point out that this may have been the very reason why he gave the message so urgently to his son. Then talk over the building of the temple and discuss some of the details. Emphasize especially the speech of Solomon.

MEMORY VERSES: *Now I go the way of all the earth; be thou strong, therefore, and show thyself a man.*

Will the Lord in very deed dwell on the earth? Behold the heaven and the heaven of heavens cannot contain thee; how much less this house that I have builded.

L

The Wisdom of Solomon and the Close of the First Kingdom.

I have not yet told you what interests us most of all about the great king Solomon. It seems that he had something else besides riches. The king had gone quite early in his reign to a place called Gibeon in order to make an offering there to the Great Ruler. And the Lord had said to Solomon: "Ask what I shall give thee." Now this was a great chance for the king. He knew that he might have the one thing that he should ask for. He must have thought a great deal about it and turned over in his mind what he would most like to have. I wonder if you can guess what it was. But this is what he said in reply: "Now, O Lord, thou hast made thy servant king, instead of David my father; and I am but a little child; I know not how to go out or come in, and thy servant is in the midst of thy people which thou hast chosen, a great people, that cannot be numbered nor counted for multitude. Give thy servant, therefore, an understanding heart to judge thy people, that I may discern bteween good and evil." You see what had been the choice of Solomon. Instead of asking for riches or honor or great power or beauty, he had asked most of all for wisdom. And this pleased the Ruler of the World very much.

The Lord over All said to Solomon: "Because thou hast asked this thing and hast not asked for thyself a long life, neither hast asked riches for thyself, nor hast asked the life of thine enemies, but hast asked for thyself understanding or wisdom, behold I have done according to thy word; lo, I have given thee a wise and understanding heart, so that there hast been none like thee before, neither after thee shall arise any like unto thee; and I have also given thee that which thou hast not asked, both riches and honor, so that there shall not be any among the kings like unto thee."

As I have explained, all this, according to my story, afterwards came to pass with Solomon. He had great wealth, but most of all he is said to have had great wisdom. You may like to hear a story showing how he made use of this wisdom, in knowing how to decide in grave disputes among the people. At one time there came to him two women who were mothers, and the one woman said: "O lord I and this woman dwell in one house, and I had a little child within the house; and it came to pass three days after that, a little child was born to this one also, and we were together, and there was no stranger with us in the house. And this woman's child died in the night, and she arose at midnight and took my son from beside me while I was asleep and laid him in her bosom, and laid the dead child in my bosom, and when I arose in the morning, behold the child in my arms was dead; but when I looked at it, it was not my son."

Then the other woman said: "Nay, but the living is my son, and the dead one thy son." And the first one said again: "Nay, but the dead one is thy son, and the living mine." Thus they spoke before the king.

And now you will see how wise Solomon was in the way he set about to find out to which mother the living child belonged. He told some one standing by, saying: "Fetch me a sword." And they brought a sword before the king, and the king said: "Divide the living child in two and give half to the one and half to the other." Then the woman to whom the living child really belonged, cried out: "O my lord, give her the child and in no wise slay it." But the other woman said: "It shall be neither thine nor mine; divide it."

This settled it for king Solomon. He knew at once that if this second woman had been the real mother, she would have far rather had her child given to another than to have her child cut in pieces by the sword. Of course he had no intention of doing such a cruel thing. And so the king answered and said to the woman who had cried out not to have the child slain: "Give her the living child, and in no wise slay it; she is the mother thereof." In this way all Israel heard more and more of the wisdom of Solomon.

People began to come from all over the world in order to see the king, to talk with him, to ask him questions, and to find out about his great wisdom. We are told, for instance, how the great queen of Sheba heard of the wisdom of Solomon and how she came to test him with hard questions. She arrived at Jerusalem wtih a very great train, with camels that bare spices, and with very much gold and precious stones. When she was come to Solomon, she told him all that was in her heart, and Solomon answered all her questions.

And as we are told, "when the Queen of Sheba had seen all the wisdom of Solomon and the house that he had built and the meat of his table and the sitting of his servants and the attendance of his ministers and their apparel and their cup-bearers; there was no more spirit in her. And she said to the king, "It was a true report that I heard in my own land, of thine acts and of thy wisdom. Howbeit, I believed not the words until I came, and mine eyes had seen it; and behold the half was not told me. Thy wisdom and prosperity exceedeth the fame which I have heard. Happy are thy men, happy are these thy servants which stand continually before thee and adhere to thy wisdom." And she gave the king a great present of gold, and of spices a very great store, and precious stones; there came no more such abundance of spices as those which the queen of Sheba gave to king Solomon. Then she turned and went back to her own land, she and her servants.

It is time that I should bring my stories to an end. We might go on telling you a great deal more, for the history of the Children of Israel went on for hundreds of years. I could describe how after the death of Solomon the Children of Israel began to quarrel and have strife with one another, and how at last owing to all this strife the kingdom was divided into two parts, so that one part, consisting of two tribes, had its own king at Jerusalem and was called the Kingdom of Judah; while the other part formed a kingdom of ten tribes called the Kingdom of Israel. I could explain

how, later on, they had great wars with the Egyptians on the one side and with the Assyrians and Babylonians on the other side; and how great armies at last overran their country, capturing Jerusalem and carrying the Israelites off as captives far away to the city of Babylon

It was at this time that a number of their great teachers arose and gave them new thoughts, newer and higher ideas about right and wrong, new and better thoughts about the great Ruler of the World; and these teachers were called the prophets of Israel. I could tell you again how at last the captive Children of Israel were allowed to come back to the land of Canaan and once more to have their home in their great city of Jerusalem; but how, on the other hand, during this time the ten tribes, who had formed the kingdom of Israel, had become lost altogether, so that after that time we hear only of the two tribes whose kingdom centered around Jerusalem. Some time in the future when you are older, you will want to read all about this, and hear more of that wonderful history and what took place later on in the city of Jerusalem. But I have told you enough for the present and will end my story here with the reign of Solomon.

To the Teacher: The circumstances concerning the wisdom of Solomon are classic, and therefore must be carefully remembered. At this point there should be a review of all the stories, especially of the reigns of Saul, David and Solomon; and then, also, a review of the entire series of stories, being sure that the children remember the names and incidents in the order in which they come. There might also be a complete review of all the Memory Verses.

The Lesson of the Stories from the Bible:

BE SURE YOUR SIN WILL FIND YOU OUT.

Cost of Living.

It seems to cost a great deal to live nowadays. Most persons notice it, especially persons who are hard put to it to find the money to pay their bills. The statisticians report that commodities in general use cost, on an average, about 10 per cent more than they did a year ago. The rise in the price of meat contributes a good deal to this advance, though bread-stuffs have been high, too. Articles of luxury like good clothes and country houses have grown dearer in proportion than most articles of necessity, because the huge influx of money that the country has sustained has made a brisk market for luxuries. Rents are higher; houses cost more, servants get higher wages; board is higher at summer hotels. Another thing that counts for a great deal is that in prosperous times like these the incomes of very many people are increased and their expenditures are proportionately amplified. They spend more money, live more luxuriously, and raise the standard of living. The living expenses of other families of their acquaintance, and the scale of living of "other families," seems just now to have become inconveniently liberal. There is nothing that we are readier to share than our economies. It is easier to economize when it is the fashion. Just now prodigality is so conspicuously prevalent that it has become more or less epidemic.—*Harper's Weekly.*

Sir Gilbert Parker.

The list of honors bestowed by King Edward has just been issued in London, and it transpires that Knighthoods have been conferred upon Gilbert Parker, M. P., author of *The Right of Way,* and Dr. Conan Doyle, author of *The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes.*

THE STUDY TABLE.

Two Notable New Books.

THE ACTS OF THE APOSTLES.

Dr. Lumby's* work, which has been so often reprinted, is deservedly popular among that class of Bible students for whom it is designed. A book of nearly four hundred pages, it presents a fullness of valuable notes in most convenient form, with introduction and maps. The notes are especially rich in references to the Talmud and other uncanonical Jewish literature. The work forms a practical and sufficient commentary for the ordinary layman who will use it, and its fund of homiletic suggestions will certainly tell in the sermons of the clerical readers.

The introduction of thirty pages treats successively the design of the author, the title, the author, the date of the work, the sources of the narative, and some alleged difficulties in the character of the work.

The author's design is held to be to give merely a history of the *beginnings* of the church, to describe "what Jesus, through his messengers, *began* to do and teach after his ascension into heaven." Thus all the silences of Acts are explained, and the riddle of its sudden ending without mentioning what fate came to Paul after those "two whole years in his own hired house." The author might have told us this but it entered not into his plan of writing.

The little "Acts of the Apostles" is of course seen to be a later addition, fitting ill the book of beginnings. The author, following the tradition, is Luke, the companion of Paul, the author of the third gospel. The "we passages" are parts of his own diary. The plan to record only beginnings does good service again in explaining all the omissions which to a critical mind seem striking in a companion of Paul. The third gospel and Acts alike must pay their toll of "techinal (?) medical terms," to contribute to the proof that their author was the "beloved physician" of Col. 4:14. Though the point is a trifle, one wonders if no one but a physician could speak of Peter's wife's mother as ill of a fever (were Mark and Matthew also physicians?) or of the blindness of Elymas (Acts 13:11). Luke is the personal physician of Paul, rendered necessary by the Apostle's "weakness of the flesh;" therefore, he never mentions himself as a sharer in the work of the mission and is omitted in the greetings of Paul's subsequent epistles. The theories which doubt the Lucan authorship are dismissed as "the mere offspring of critical imaginations."

The work is written about midway between 63 and 70—the temple still stands, the author shows himself familiar with details of contemporary history, and his lack of reference to Gnosticism as a Christian heresy shows that he writes not all too late in the first century. One is tempted to ask if this omission too were not explainable by the convenient canon of "the book of beginnings."

The author gained his information about Peter, which fills so large a part of the earlier chapters of Acts, from that apostle himself, and other Christians whom Luke met on his travels, gave him other items, which, with what Paul told him (such as the account of the conversion, 9:1-30), and what he personally experienced as Paul's companion, gave him the material for his work.

Of the "alleged difficulties" in Acts, Dr. Lumby treats three; that "the book represents the Gospel as intended not for Jews only, but for all mankind, in a manner at variance with the teaching of the Gospels;" that "the book makes no rupture with Judaism

*The Cambridge Bible for Schools and Colleges. The Acts of the Apostles. By J. Rawson Lumby, D.D. Cambridge, 1897.

and that "Peter is represented as Pauline in all he says and does, and Paul's conduct is pictured as in complete harmony with Peter's." He rightly answers the first by pointing to the undeniable universality in the Gospels; the second he might have paired with the first, showing them as mutually destructive, but chose rather to show that Paul, even in his epistles, makes no real break with Judiasm, that, therefore Acts is in the best of harmony with the Epistles. Will Acts 28:26-28 disturb the harmony thus established? As to the Paulinity of Peter and the Petrinity of Paul. "to those who believe that these two were both apostles of the same Jesus, both preachers of the same evangel, both guided by the same Holy Spirit, there is nothing but what is natural in this." "The preaching of Peter and Paul was in entire harmony."

So, clearly if briefly, does Dr. Lumby meet the problems. Unfortunately these are not the real problems raised by the book. The real questions Dr. Lumby does not mention; they seem not to belong in his world. Absolutely foreign to his world too seems all the work of modern critical scholars, especially that of German critics. The modern man cannot long be satisfied with such a world; he is coming to have a "critical imagination," and needs to have his questions answered. It may be edifying, but it is not scientific, to reconcile the Pentecostal speaking with tongues (Acts 2:4 ff.) with that described by Paul in I Cor. 14:2 ff., and to define both as speaking in foreign languages. First Cor. 14:23 is interpreted as follows: "It would seem madness to those Corinthian unbelievers who came in, when they heard a speaker uttering a foreign language to a congregation who were all Greeks and their minister a Greek likewise. St. Paul therefore, ordains that if any man speak with a tongue in the church, he must have an interpreter *or else keep silence.*" Were it not better to bid him speak Greek? We are given to such bits of scholasticism as this: Acts 5:4 speaks of Ananias as lying not unto men, but unto God. "In verse 3 it is said that the deception had been practised toward the Holy Ghost, and so we learn the Divinity of the third person of the Trinity."

Readers of UNITY who wish really to learn something about this most ancient contribution to Church History will not be helped by Dr. Lumby's work. The ideal book in English is yet to appear. Dr. McGiffert's "Apostolic Age" gives an excellent discussion of most of the material, but we wait the satisfactory commentary.

THE SERMON ON THE MOUNT.

Dr. Bacon's little book* we hail with unmixed pleasure. It is the revised form of a lecture given before the students of Wellesley College, enlarged with three appendixes filling more than half the book, which give the critical processes by which the results presented in the lecture were attained. It is a book of the sort which we need in America, a book helping to a real understanding of the Biblical writings as real literature, as expression of the experience and thought of real men. Of all other literature we have critical and scholarly treatment, we have carefully prepared editions, we have full discussion of the problems involved, but for this literature, though Christendom unites in proclaiming it the most valuable of all, these critical helps almost entirely fail, at least for the English reader. While the student must go to the university and work with the most carefully trained professors to understand the Iliad or Faust, the average Sunday-school teacher, not to decry him or his services, is considered sufficient to initiate one fully into the Fourth Gospel or the Epistle to the Romans. And if the student will know more, and asks for literature, he is given books which come as far from touching the real questions involved as did the instruction in his village Bible class. The rule has been relaxed in some small degree in the case of the Old Testament books, but between Malachi and Matthew is a great gulf fixed, and the New Testament must remain on practically the plane of interpretation which it occupied in the third century. One may make his own all the treasures of modern discovery and thought, he may acquire a thoroughly scientific historical method, he may become the most acute of literary critics—but all this he must lay aside when he opens his New Testament. And the man or woman of today who sees this anomaly, and will ask questions, has a lamentably small body of literature which can answer those questions. But the quantity is growing, and Dr. Bacon has added very material contributions by his "Introduction to the New Testament," and by the present volume.

It is in itself a gratifying sign of the times that a lecture so frankly using and defending the methods of the "Higher Criticism" can be given before a representative college of high rank. We hope that Dr. Bacon's brief but very able defence of his method will help to do away with forever the horror before the "Higher Criticism" as a fit mate to "the Devil, the Turk, and the Comet" of the ancient litany.

For those who wish an introduction to the method, to understand the real processes by which critics attain their results, nothing could be better than Dr. Bacon's appendices. The first one (A) gives in detail the critical work by which Dr. Bacon arrives, by careful comparison of the material in Matthew and that in Luke, at his reconstruction of the "Sermon" in approximately its original form. Any student who will work carefully through it will have no further doubt of the necessity or the validity of the critical method. Appendix B consists of text-critical notes, while Appendix C gives restorations of seven of the greater discourses of Jesus, parts of which have been incorrectly placed, by one or the other evangelist, in the Sermon on the Mount. Dr. Bacon's contention that our gospels give us a number of such connected discourses, however brief, he certainly sustains against those who find only mechanical agglutinations of single, unconnected *logia*. The critical judgment of others will, of course, not always agree in all particulars with that of Prof. Bacon, but to the method and to the skill and care with which it is used there can be no objection. Many will not agree that Jesus found it necessary to set forth a new Torah, the Law of the Kingdom, and to explain clearly its relation to the Mosaic Torah. And the idea that Jesus "spiritualizes" the current conception of Messiah and his work is difficult to reconcile with our gospel accounts. Further, the discourse itself, even in Dr. Bacon's careful reconstruction, is rather the conditions of entrance into the Kingdom than the law of the Kingdom itself. To be sure, men in the Kingdom will live in general in accordance with these principles, but Jesus' work as rabbi in Galilee is primarily to show men the way of life which shall gain them entrance—unless they so live, they shall in no wise enter into the Kingdom of God, is what he wishes especially to impress on men's hearts. So the Beatitudes and the Woes give conditions and the corresponding results. The Pharisaic morality has its rewards, but its foundation is of sand, while he that follows "these sayings of mine" has great recompense with his Father in heaven, an eternal house which no storms shall destroy.

*The Sermon on the Mount, Its Literary Structure and Didactic Purpose. By Benjamin W. Bacon, D. D. New York. The Macmillan Co. 1902.

But these are but critical differences; the book as a whole we recommend most heartily, and hope for it the widest circulation. It will, we confidently predict, prove one of the most useful and helpful books that American theology has produced in recent years. For Sunday-school teachers it will be absolutely indispensable, and Bible classes could have no better exercises than to follow the critical work in the appendices.

CLAYTON R. BOWEN.

University of Marburg.

The Rock of Unrest.

The present-day woman is progressive, brilliant and conscientiously alert in her efforts towards development and growth along all lines, but she is slow in realizing the wasteful expenditure of nerve force that marks her daily way. She fancies that she is energetic when she is only restless, and busy when she is often worse than idle.

We are all alike in this; we are all nervous, excitable, restless and in a hurry. We fidget. It is a humiliating confession to make, but it is true. We read books on the power of repose and listen to lectures on how to use our forces and still we find it difficult to put our carefully acquired knowledge into practice.

If we are not going to a club or reception, or preparing a feast at home, running a sewing machine or suffering under the hands of a dressmaker, we are twirling a watch-chain or lead pencil, or beating a tattoo on table or window.

I know one woman who taps with her feet in rhythmical measure; sometimes as though she were counting; sometimes, again, as if beating time to music. She says that she does this often while mentally running over some phrase, or some verse of poetry, and is conscious of an effort to make the syllables come out even with the tap of her toes on the floor. Another keeps up a sort of five-finger exercise on desk or table as in her days of piano practice.

While listening to a reading the other afternoon I observed a lady not far from me who carefully folded and unfolded her handkerchief, first corner to corner, then in square fashion, during almost the entire half-hour. She seemed to be paying attention to the reading, too. And when we fancy that we are indulging in luxurious restfulness we swing vigorously forward and back in rocking-chairs, which habit, thank fortune, is now under a ban among the specialists in nervous diseases. Wisely, too, for to see half a dozen women swinging is as many rockers is enough to turn the brain of the spectator, to say nothing of the brains of the oscillating women.

This lack of repose is not confined to the uncultured class, it is almost as often found among the Vere de Veres.

It is always easy to criticise and give advice. But, my dear sister, when you are listening to music or a sermon, or expounding your own ideas, or some one else's, before an audience, why must you further tax yourself with the fidgety foolishness so common to us all? Why, when you are on the cars, either on pleasure or business bent, must you grasp the arm of the seat with a convulsive grip, or brace your feet against the one in front of you as if you expected forcible dislodgment at any moment? These are among the things that bring that anxious, worried look to your face, and that sense of prostration to your whole being.

You are counseled to overcome these weaknesses. If you go to market, just go to market and that only, and that's enough. Don't keep wondering if anything will happen to the baby while you are gone, and after you've reached home don't be filled with anxiety lest the roast should not arrive in time for dinner. If you tell the conductor on the car where you wish to get off have a reasonable confidence that he will tell you when the desired point is reached, and do not feel compelled to keep watch yourself. And if you are waiting for a train, wait. Don't go out on the track to see if it is coming, and don't imagine that it will arrive or depart a minute earlier or later because you are to be a passenger.

If you find yourself counting the different colors in the dress of the woman across the car, or the buttons on her jacket, resolutely turn eye and brain away and think of something else or think of nothing at all. If mentally or otherwise you find yourself fidgeting, stop it.

It can be done. In fact, once the body has been trained to rest and relaxation, it is even possible to stop thinking, or to think of nothing at all, and thus for a moment or two rest is given to the brain. Not long ago I said to a woman wise in many things: "What do you do when you cannot go to sleep at night as you should?"

"I lie awake," she replied, promptly. "I lie awake resignedly, saying to myself, 'I am entirely comfortable; my room is quiet, my bed excellent; I am free from pain and if I am to lie awake when really I should be asleep it shall be done philosophically.' And the result is I am asleep before I know it." Which shows that she was a wise woman.

Relaxation is truly the best of all methods of inducing sleep. One may count sleep or count anything else, say the alphabet backward, roll the eyes, pick imaginary fruit or flowers, play an imaginary piano, but all this is a demand upon brain power and the brain needs to be relaxed rather than roused to greater activity and interest. Non-resistance to insomnia will often banish it more quickly and effectually than aught else. Happily the habit of repose can be cultivated; it can grow upon one. It is not a foe to energy or enthusiasm; it simply holds these qualities in check when they would spend themselves in a thousand foolish outlets. It is a gracious power that tends to that equipoise which is strength as well as beauty. Cultivate this gracious power, my sisters, lest some day you be counted among those epitaph should read: "Gone to wreck on the rock of unrest."—*The Advance.*

Myself and You.

There are only myself and you in the world
  There are only myself and you;
'Tis clear, then, that I unto you should be kind,
  And you unto me should be true.

And if I unto you could be always kind,
  And you unto me could be true,
Then the criminal courts could all be adjourned,
  And the sword would have nothing to do.

A few fertile acres are all that I need—
  Not more than a hundred or two—
And the great wide earth holds enough I am sure,
  Enough for myself and for you.

The sweet air of heaven is free to us all;
  Upon all fall the rain and the dew;
And the glorious sun in his cycle of light
  Shines alike on myself and on you.

The infinite Love is as broad as the sky,
  And as deep as the oceans blue;
We may breathe it, bathe in it, live in it, aye
  It is *Life* for myself and for you.

And the Christ who came when the angels sang
  Will come if the song we review,
And reign in his Kingdom, the Prince of Peace—
  Reigning over myself and you.

Oh, then, may I be unto you always kind,
  And be you unto me always true;
So the land may rest from its turmoil and strife,
  And the sword may have nothing to do.

—*H. Lavinia Bailey.*

THE HOME.

Helps to High Living.

SUN.—The wise man is of a quiet spirit because he practices not virtue for a reward.

MON.—When thou laborest for others, do it with the same zeal as if it were for thyself.

TUES.—Always remember thou art a man, that human nature is frail, and that thou mayest easily fall; remember, too, that thou mayest rise again.

WED.—Labor to purify thy thoughts: if thy thoughts are not vicious, neither will thy actions be so.

THURS.—Virtue has its delights in the midst of the severities that attend it.

FRI.—Labor, but slight not meditation; meditate, but slight not labor.

SAT.—Do unto another as thou wouldst be dealt with thyself. Thou only needest this law alone; it is the foundation and principle of all the rest. *Confucius.*

September.

The golden-rod is yellow,
The corn is turning brown;
The trees in apple orchards
With fruit are bending down;
The gentian's bluest fringes
Are curling in the sun;
In dusty pods the milkweed
Its hidden silk has spun.

The sedges flaunt their harvest
In every meadow nook,
And asters by the brookside
Make asters in the brook.
From dewy lanes at morning
The grape's sweet odors rise;
At noon the roadsides flutter
With yellow butterflies.

By all these lovely tokens
September days are here,
With summer's best of weather
And autumn's best of cheer.

—*Exchange.*

The Sparrow and the Policeman.

Sparrows live by the thousands in the parks in New York and grow very tame. They will fly almost to one's feet to pick up a crumb, and in summer will bathe in the fountains almost within reach of one's hand. The other day a lady living opposite one of the parks raised a window with a spool of thread in her hand. She dropped it; it unwound as it fell, and almost before it reached the sidewalk a sparrow had caught the thread in his bill and flew away, the spool rapidly unwinding. In a minute another sparrow had caught the thread and away he flew. Another joined him, and in five minutes at least a dozen sparrows held the thread, flying gayly about the low bushes and the trees, tangling the thread in the twigs and weaving a web, part of it crossing a path. A park policeman came along and found his way barred. A small boy stood near, but on the other side of the obstruction. Immediately the policeman grew angry and accused the small boy of tangling the thread across the path to annoy the people who were walking. The boy declared he did not know how the thread came there, but the policeman would not believe him, and was going to arrest him when the lady came and explained that if any one was to be arrested it should be the sparrows, for they had taken her thread and tangled it on the bushes as they flew back and forth. The sparrows were still chattering in the trees overhead, and the policeman, looking up, saw the thread in their bills. He did not arrest the sparrows; he probably knew that he would have difficulty in catching his prisoners and getting them to the station house.—*The Outlook.*

The Five Boons of Life.

In the morning of life came the good fairy with her basket, and said:

"Here are gifts. Take one, leave the others. And be wary, choose wisely; oh, choose wisely! for only one of them is valuable."

The gifts were five: Fame, Love, Riches, Pleasure, Death. The youth said eagerly:

"There is no need to consider;" and he chose Pleasure.

He went out into the world and sought out the pleasures that youth delights in. But each in its turn was short-lived and disappointing, vain and empty; and each, departing, mocked him. In the end he said: "These years I have wasted. If I could but choose again, I would choose wisely."

* * * * * * *

V

The fairy came, bringing again four of the gifts, but Death was wanting. She said:

"I gave it to a mother's pet, a little child. It was ignorant, but trusted me, asking me to choose for it. You did not ask me to choose."

"Oh, miserable me! What is there left for me?"

"What not even you have deserved; the wanton insult of Old Age."—*Mark Twain, in Harper's Weekly.*

Some Sights in the Philippines.

The people do not like change, and do not want to learn from foreigners. There is one island the chief industry of which is cattle-raising. Instead of building a dock at which the vessels could make a landing, where a gang-plank from the dock to the vessel would make it possible for the cattle to walk aboard the vessel, the cattle are driven into the water and made to swim to the side of the boat, which cannot get near the shore for lack of water. Then ropes are fastened about the horns of the cattle, the donkey-engine on the vessel is set going, and the cattle are hoisted over the side of the ship, kicking and bellowing. On another island the inhabitants are nearly all women—ninety out of every hundred. The men cannot earn a living and they leave the island when mere boys. The women do all the work that is done. They come off to the vessels with chickens, eggs and fruit to sell.

We think it very improper and impolite to eat with knives, but in the Philippines it is perfectly proper to carry the food from the plate to the mouth on the knife. An American gentleman gave a dinner to some Spanish gentlemen. The host kept his cutlery sharp. One of the Spanish gentlemen asked to have his knife changed, because it was so sharp he could not eat with it. This was after he had cut his tongue. A charming old Spanish gentleman expressed regret that his hand begun to tremble and he could no longer eat peas with his knife.

The beds in the Philippines are four-post beds, and handsome. Instead of springs there is a support woven like our cane-seated chairs. A thin sleeping-mat is laid over this, and then a sheet. After one has become used to it, it is said to be a perfect bed for a warm climate. The dress of the people does not change as with us, but remains the same—loose flowing robes of thin material, suited to a hot climate, for the women and children, and loosely made thin cotton trousers and shirts for the men.

There are said to be twelve hundred islands in the group, and the natives differ greatly; some are scarcely civilized and wear little clothing, and live in mere huts.—*The Outlook.*

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THE FIELD.

"The World is my Country; to do good is my Religion."

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The Tower Hill Summer School.

The last week of the Tower Hill Summer School has come and gone. This week has been largely given to resumé and the discussion of great principles. The work in the History of Christianity, which has occupied the first half hour of each morning session, has been a great study, touching, as it aimed to do, upon the essential points of Christian history from the second to the seventeenth century. To many, indeed, such a course would suggest superficiality rather than breadth, and it must be said that in the hands of an unskilled leader it might easily lead to confusion and mental ruin; but under the leadership of Mr. Jones, aided by chart and blackboard and the unique system of symbolism which the course has developed, this bird's eye view of fifteen Christian centuries has been clarifying and most inspiring. The final lesson had for its subject "Thomas More and His Utopia," a fitting climax from which to view the past, and, standing on tiptoe, peer over into the surprises of the future. Surely the race had traveled a long road to reach that seventeenth century conception of Thomas More's, of those who "account it piety to prefer the public good to one's private concern,"—a conception which the dawn of the twentieth century is still far from realizing.

In the class in literature, two days were given to Whitman, the leader allowing him to speak in "By Blue Ontario's Shore" and the great hymn of immortality and man, "The Passage to India." Walt Whitman is never forgotten on Tower Hill, and to one who listens year after year to these interpretations, it is most interesting to note the increasing confidence of teacher and class in the future of this poet of democracy, this singer of the universal.

Two days were given to the contemporary poets, and we were told it behooved us to look out for further utterances from such as Steven Phillips, W. E. Henley and William Watson, whose noble coronation poem causes the weak lines of the laureate to appear still more childish and trivial by comparison. In Irish verse we were given some tantalizingly charming bits from W. B. Yeats, "A. E.," T. W. Rolleston, Katharine Tynan Hinkson and Moira O'Neill, while recent American verse was reviewed in gleanings from Sidney Lanier, Richard Hovey, E. R. Sill, Philip Savage, Joaquin Miller, Maurice Thompson, Ernest McGaffey, William Henry Drummond, William Vaughn Moody and Edwin Markham. The last two in particular we were urged to watch with great expectations. We make no attempt on Tower Hill to define poetry, but in all these readings we have tried to discover the elements which we have agreed to think essential to the immortality of verse,—the elements of condensation, picture-making, insight, universality, rhythm. In the interpretation of poetry, the poets have been allowed to speak for themselves. In Shelley's "Prometheus Unbound," when the great Titan lay writhing in chains as a punishment for his altruism, three spirits came to him with ineffectual consolation, but the fourth came bringing that which would make his misery easier to bear. This is the poet's true mission,—to teach from sorrows like these that an hour of the sweet agony of altruism is worth an eternity of the ecstasy of selfishness.

The résumé and final words of the Ruskin study were particularly helpful to those who had been struggling with the problems presented by the study of "Fors Clavigera" in the class at All Souls church during the past year. Ruskin's quarrel with machinery came in for its share of discussion and was at least partially justified on the ground that the machinery of the age is far beyond its spiritual advancement. The machine should be for man, not man for the machine. The solution would lie not in the destruction of machinery, but in the subordination of the machine to man, the return to certain of the fourteenth-century standards when artist and artisan were one, a condition strikingly brought out by William Morris in his "News from Nowhere."

Among the Ruskin principles which the class put away in their notebooks, and, it may be hoped, in their memories, were these: The essentials of dress are Utility, Durability, Beauty; the essentials of work are Honesty, Usefulness, Cheerfulness. The three material essentials of life are Pure Air, Earth, Water; the three immaterial essentials are Admiration, Hope, Love. The true meaning of education was brought out in this telling sentence from "Fors Clavigera:" "You do not educate a man by telling him what he knew not, but by making him what he was not." And Ruskin's thought of the meaning of life was summed up thus: "That man is richest who, having perfected the function of his own life to the utmost, has also the widest and most helpful influence, both personal and by means of his possessions, over the lives of others."

The Nature studies were brought to a fitting close by Mr. Denniston's talks on Trees, Fungi and Mosses, a morning with Dr. Libby's stuffed birds, his stereopticon exhibit of bird pictures, and his suggestive lecture on "Bird Migrations." The science work this year has been more systematic and persistent than ever before and has been found in the highest degree fascinating and fruitful.

This week the Hill has rejoiced in the benign presence of Mr. Simmons, who, besides the Sunday sermon already reported, has given a lecture on "Daniel Webster and Theodore Parker," and another on the "Cosmic Roots of Love and Self-Sacrifice." These roots he found not only far down in the animal kingdom, but in plant, mineral, and cell.

The annual business meeting of the Summer School was held on Friday afternoon. The single note of regret, on the lips and in the heart of everyone, was that Dr. O. G. Libby, President of the Summer School, who has faithfully served the interests of the school for many years and in many ways, had found it necessary to sever his official connection with the school on account of his removal from the University of Wisconsin to his new and larger field in the State University of North Dakota. Dr. Libby and his wife will be followed to their new home by the love and good wishes of hosts of friends. It was cause for congratulation that his office could be filled by T. R. Lloyd Jones, Superintendent of Schools of Hartford, Wis., who, since the erection of his new cottage under the pines, promises to become a permanent resident of Tower Hill. Rev. Rett Olmstead, of Decorah, Iowa, and Mr. R. H. Denniston, Madison, were elected first and second Vice-Presidents, Mary Lackersteen Treasurer, and Mrs. A. L. Kelly, Secretary.

The last Sunday of the summer session frowned and threatened rain in the early morning, but cleared away in time for the services in the Emerson pavilion, where a goodly audience of Hill folk and valley residents gathered at eleven o'clock to listen to an inspiring and life-helping sermon from Rev. Fred. G. Hawley, the newly elected Secretary of the Western Conference, a sermon from which I would gladly quote at length, but time and space fail me. In place of the usual Sunday evening vesper readings, Mr. Jones exhibited in the pavilion

a collection of fifty lantern slides, illustrating the life and work of Michael Angelo. And so ended another Sunday, except for those who were minded to climb the hill and crown the day with a sight of a glorious August moon and the splendid dome of the temple of out-of-doors.

Tower Hill, August 17, 1902. EVELYN H. WALKER.

PUEBLO, COLO.—The People's Church at this place, under the leadership of Rev. A. A. Hoskin, seems to be getting ready for high work. It reports thirty thousand dollars in hand for the erection of a building designed for service every day in the week. The building plans contemplate the necessary auditorium, class and working rooms, a parsonage and an adjoining building with earning capacity—the revenue of the one helping to meet the expense of the other. The Pueblo Daily Chieftain of a recent date devotes large space to the announcement of the plans, from which we clip the following interesting prospectus:

The People's church occupies a unique position among Pueblo churches. It is to be in fact what no other church can claim to be except in name—a free church. It imposes no doctrinal conditions upon a single person. Its co-operative laborers may believe as much or as little of conventional theology as they are pleased to accept; or they may repudiate all dogmatism and formalism if they are so disposed; but in such manner they will incure neither the disfavor nor the favoritism of the People's church. For it is unsectarian, super-denominational and non-theological. The emphasis of its work will be to lead men and women and children into larger and purer measures of peace and happiness in this world. To do this it will seek to trace all social defects to their natural sources. Then the effort will be made to counteract such sources of evil. In this manner it is confidently expected that the upward progress of humanity will by natural methods accomplish universal justice and virtue among men. This will leave no place for depending upon, nor invoking the intervention of supernatural agencies in the salvation of society from the multiple evils now plaguing it.

In still another sense the People's church is a church of freedom. For it recognizes the equality of personal holiness achieved under all the various divisions of religion. The Jew, the Christian, the Papist and the Protestant are all brothers; and so they should be regarded and treated as such. This lesson the People's church will teach and exemplify.

And in still another respect it will be a church of freedom. Its financial resources will be such that it will not need to importune its congregation, nor the community, for money, and more money, as a necessary means of prolonging its own existence. This will enable rich and poor alike to seek its ministrations with an equal sense of self-respect, and equally released from embarrassment.

The building fund now assured will be devoted to the creation of three buildings. The first will be the church proper. It will be 55 by 80 feet ground measurement, and two stories high. It will contain auditorium, balcony, organ alcove, lecture room, reading room, parlors, social rooms and a study. It will be ready for occupancy in a year from the present time. The second building will be a suitable minister's home. The third will be a rental property so centrally located, and so arranged, that its annual income will at least equal the yearly expense of maintaining the church and its varied activities.

The legal status of the People's church is assured by the articles of incorporation of The People's Institute of Rational and Applied Religion. Nearly eighty corporate members are named in these articles.

A number of prominent citizens who do not appear as charter members are in active sympathy with this movement.

In addition the fund secured it is necessary for the church to raise sufficient local funds with which to purchase a suitable and central building site. As public-spirited citizens are in the habit of encouraging all movements involving the investment of outside capital in the material development of the city, it is expected that the business men will promptly respond to the invitation to assist the People's church in the purchase of its real estate. The far-seeing and devoted men who are at the head and center of this movement deserve all the encouragement which our citizens can give them in their work.

John Cooper, W. L. Smith and the Rev. A. A. Hoskin are the legally constituted building committee having the work directly in hand. Such a committee is guarantee that the enterprise will be carried forward vigorously and faithfully.

The local People's church will be in affiliation with the Congress of Liberal Religion. Dr. Thomas, of Chicago, founder of the People's church of that city, is president of this federation of churches constituting the Congress of Liberal Religion. Rabbi Hirsh is the vice-president, and Jenkin Lloyd Jones, the liberal Unitarian, is its secretary. This federation includes churches and societies among Independents, Jewish, Christian and even foreign religions. It is rapidly growing and represents the modern concept of the coming religion of unity, which recognizes no dividing lines of sect separating between good men and their divinest activities.

To A Thrush.

O happy bird! that ere the night is gone
With limpid song dost greet the early dawn,
What power hath faintest light to bid thee wake
And into such ecstatic music break?
Art thou Apollo's heir, the transformed lyre
He left on earth to swell its merry choir
When all the gods to their high realms withdrew?
Art thou his voice and his vicegerent true
To ever hail him at the brink of day
And at still eventide repeat the lay?
Ah, yes, 'tis so; such melody could mount
From source no less nor from diviner fount;
'Tis heaven's own, though lent to mortals here
To be a benediction and a cheer,
The link that binds the unseen with the seen,
And keeps Apollo's altars wreathed in green
And heaped with bloom as when he trod these shores,
And men to him threw open all their doors.

Sing on! Too little music is there now;
Pour forth thy strains and teach these humans how
With song alone 'tis possible to dwell
Content, nor think it any miracle.
The old world needs such melody as thine,
Such perfect song, such harmony divine,
That her corrosive greeds and rayless plan
Shut not all gates of paradise to man.
Sing on, sing on, and keep before our souls
The paths of light and life's sublimer goals;
Sing on until the gods return to earth,
Until wan sorrow yields to laughing mirth,
Until our hearts, forgetful of their care,
Behold the chaste Apollo cleave the air
To once again his ancient haunts resume;
Till then, sing on, and keep alive the bloom
Of his celestial music in thy breast,
Each morn and evening what is true and best
In the outpouring to the groves and sky;
Fulfill thy mission, thoughtless of the throng,
And thus, entrancing, thrill us with thy song.
Fear not that beauty was but born to die;
Each sweetest note the god of song doth hear
And safely treasure in his starry sphere
To live forever in some form of light,
To charm his dawns and keep his glory bright.

Therefore, O bird, we praise thee and we bless
And thank thee for this cup of happiness—
The cup wherein no bitter dregs are found,
But only hope and triumphs of sweet sound,
Vouchsafed to us from no polluted spring.
Adieu! adieu! since thou hast ceased to sing,
And in the interregnum of thy song
The day shall seem more fair and faith more strong
For this thy boon and still to think thy rhyme
Thou gladly wilt renew at twilight time.
And may the sorry season never come
Wherein to thy clear strains our hearts grow dumb,
But ever in our souls, through thine and thee.
May high dreams rule and drossful earth go free,
That we, like thee, at last may sweep with fire
The golden strings of an immortal lyre. C. G. B.

GOOD BOOKS TO READ.

"Character Building", Booker T. Washington, net, $1.50.

"George Eliot", Leslie Stephen, net, postpaid 75 cents.

"The Virginian, A Horseman of the Plains", Owen Wister, $1.50 net, $1.12, postpaid $1.25.

"Oldfield, A Kentucky Tale of the Last Century", Nancy Huston Banks, $1.50 net, $1.12, postpaid $1.25.

"The Conqueror, A Story of Alexander Hamilton", Gertrude Atherton, $1.50 net, $1.12, postpaid $1.25.

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